NO. XVI.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE FRENCHMAN'S STORY.

WHILE my life slipped thus pleasantly along, the hopes of the insurgent party fell daily and hourly lower: disunion and distrust pervaded all their councils, jealousies and suspicions grew up among their leaders. Many of those whose credit stood highest in their party became informers to the government, whose persevering activity increased with every emergency; and finally, they who would have adventured every thing but some few months before, grew lukewarm and indifferent. A dogged carelessness seemed to have succeeded to their outbreak of enthusiasm, and they looked on at the execution of their companions, and the wreck of their party, with a stupid and stolid indifference.

For some time previous, the delegates met at rare and irregular intervals, and finally ceased to assemble altogether. The bolder portion of the body disgusted with the weak and temporizing views of the others, withdrew first; and the less determined formed themselves into a new society, whose object was merely to get up petitions and addresses unfavourable to the great project of the government, a legislative union with England.

From the turn events had taken, my companion, as it may be supposed, took no interest in their proceedings: affecting to think that all was not lost—while in his heart he felt bitterly the disappointment of his hopes—a settled melancholy, unrelieved even by those flashes of buoyancy which a Frenchman rarely loses in any misfortunes, now grew upon him. His cheek grew paler, and his frame seemed wasting away, while his impaired strength and tottering step betrayed that something more than sorrow was at work within him. Still he persevered in our course of study, and notwithstanding all my efforts to induce him to relax in his labours, his desire to teach me grew with every day. For some time a short, hacking cough, with pain in his chest, had seized on him, and although it yielded to slight remedies, it returned again and again. Our night walks were, therefore, obliged to be discontinued, and the confinement to the house preyed upon his spirits, and shook his nerves. Boy as I was, I could not look upon his altered face and attenuated figure, without a thrilling fear at my heart, lest he might be seriously ill. He perceived my anxiety quickly, and endeavoured, with many a cheering speech, to assure me that these were attacks to which he had been long accustomed, and which never were either lasting or dangerous; but the very hollow accents in which he spoke, robbed these words of all their comfort to me.

The winter, which had been unusually long and severe, at length passed away, and the spring, milder and more genial than is customary

in our climate, succeeded; the sunlight came slanting down through the narrow court, and fell in one rich yellow patch upon our floor. Charles started, his dark eyes, hollow and sunk, glowed with unwonted brightness, and his haggard and hollow cheek suddenly flushed with a crimson glow.

"*Mon cher*," said he, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I think if I were to leave this I might recover."

The very possibility of his death, until that moment, had never even crossed my mind, and in the misery of the thought I burst into tears. From that hour the impression never left my mind, and every accent of his low, soft voice, every glance of his mild, dark eye, sank into my heart, as though I heard and saw them for the last time. There was nothing to fear now, so far as political causes were concerned, in our removing from our present abode, and it was arranged between us that we should leave town, and take up our residence in the county of Wicklow. There was a small cottage at the opening of Glenmalure which my companion constantly spoke of: he had passed two nights there already, and left it with many a resolve to return and enjoy the delightful scenery of the neighbourhood.

The month of April was drawing to a close, when one morning, soon after sunrise, we left Dublin. A heavy mist, such as often in northern climates ushers in a day of unusual brightness, shrouded every object from our view for several miles of the way. Charles scarcely spoke; the increased exertion seemed to have fatigued and exhausted him, and he lay back in the carriage, his handkerchief pressed to his mouth, and his eyes half closed.

We had passed the little town of Bray, and entered upon that long road which traverses the valley between the two Sugar Loaves, when suddenly the sun burst forth; the lazy mists rolled heavily up the valley and along the mountain sides, disclosing as they went patches of fertile richness, or dark masses of frowning rock. Above this again, the purple heath appeared glowing, like a gorgeous amethyst, as the red sunlight played upon it, or sparkled on the shining granite that rose through the luxuriant herbage. Gradually the ravine grew narrower; the mountains seemed like one vast chain, severed by some great convulsion; their rugged sides appeared to mark the very junction; trunks of aged and mighty trees hung threateningly above the pass; and a hollow echoing sound arose, as the horses trod along the causeway: it was a spot of wild and gloomy grandeur; and as I gazed on it intently, suddenly I felt a hand upon my shoulder, I turned round—it was Charles, his eyes rivetted on the scene, his lips parted with eagerness; he spoke at length, but at first his voice was hoarse and low, by degrees it grew fuller and richer, and at last rolled on, in all its wonted strength and roundness.

"See there—look!" cried he, as his thin attenuated finger pointed to the pass. "What a ravine to defend! The column, with two pieces of artillery in the road; the cavalry to form behind, where you see that open space, and advance between the open files of the infantry; the tirailleurs scattered along that ridge where the furze is thickest, or

down there among those masses of rock. *Sacristi!*—what a volume of fire they'd pour down. See how the blue smoke and the ring of the musket would mark them out as they dotted the mountain side, and yet were unapproachable to the enemy; and think then of the rolling thunder of the eighteen pounders shaking these old mountains, and the long, clattering crash of the platoon following after, and the dark shakos towering above the smoke: and then the loud '*Viva!*' I think I hear it."

His cheek became purple as he spoke, his veins swollen and distended; his voice, though loud, lost nothing of its musical cadence; and his whole look betokened excitement, almost bordering on madness. Suddenly his chest heaved; a tremendous fit of coughing seized him, and he fell forward upon my shoulder. I lifted him up, and what was my horror to perceive that all his vest and cravat were bathed in florid blood, which issued from his mouth. He had burst a blood-vessel in his wild transport of enthusiasm, and now lay pale, cold, and senseless in my arms.

It was a long time before we could proceed with our journey, for, although fortunately the bleeding did not continue, fainting followed fainting for hours after. At length we were enabled to set out again, but only at a walking pace. For the remainder of the day his head rested on my shoulder, and his cold hand in mine, as we slowly traversed the long weary miles towards Glenmalure.

The night was falling as we arrived at our journey's end—here, however, every kindness and attention awaited us; and I soon had the happiness of seeing my poor friend in his bed, and sleeping with all the ease and tranquillity of a child.

From that hour every other thought was merged in my fears for him. I watched, with an agonizing intensity, every change of his malady—I scanned, with an aching heart, every symptom day by day. How many times has the false bloom of hectic shed happiness over me. How often, in my secret walks, have I offered up my prayer of thankfulness, as the deceitful glow of fever coloured his wan cheek, and lent a more than natural brilliancy to his sunk and filmy eye. The world to me was all nothing, save as it influenced him. Every cloud that moved above, each breeze that rustled, I thought of for him; and when I slept, his image was still before me, and his voice seemed to call me oftentimes in the silence of the night, and when I awoke and saw him sleeping, I knew not which was the reality.

His debility increased rapidly; and although the mild air of summer, and the shelter of the deep valley seemed to have relieved his cough, his weakness grew daily more and more. His character, too, seemed to have undergone a change as great and as striking as that in his health. The high and chivalrous ambition, the soldier-like heroism, the ardent spirit of patriotism that at first marked him, had given way to a low and tender melancholy—an almost womanish tenderness—that made him love to have the little children of the cabin near him, to hear their innocent prattle, and watch their infant gambols. He talked too of home; of the old chateau in Provence,

where he was born; and described to me its antiquated terraces and quaint old-fashioned alleys, where as a boy he wandered with his sister.

"*Pauvre Marie!*" said he, as a deep blush covered his pale cheek, "how have I deserted you!" The thought seemed full of anguish for him, and for the remainder of the day he scarcely spoke.

Some days after his first mention of his sister, we were sitting together in front of the cabin, enjoying the shade of a large chesnut tree, which already had put forth its early leaves, and tempered, if it did not exclude, the rays of the sun.

"You heard me speak of my sister," said he, in a low and broken voice. "She is all that I have on earth near to me. We were brought up together as children; learned the same plays; had the same masters; spent not one hour in the long day asunder, and at night we pressed each other's hands, as we sunk to sleep. She was to me all that I ever dreamed of girlish loveliness, of woman's happiest nature; and I was her ideal of boyish daring, of youthful boldness, and manly enterprise. We loved each other—like those who felt they had no need of other affection, save such as sprang from our cradles, and tracked us on through life. Hers was a heart that seemed made for all that human nature can taste of happiness; her eye, her lip, her blooming cheek knew no other expression than a smile; her very step was buoyancy; her laugh rang through your heart as joy-bells fill the air: and yet! and yet! I brought that heart to sorrow, and that cheek I made pale, and hollow, and sunken as you see my own. My cursed ambition, that rested not content with my own path in life, threw its baleful shadow across hers. The story is a short one, and I may tell it to you.

"When I left Provence, to join the army of the south, I was obliged to leave Marie under the care of an old and distant relative, who resided some two leagues from us on the Loire. The chevalier was a widower, with one son about my own age, of whom I knew nothing, save that he had never left his father's house—had been educated completely at home—and had obtained the reputation of being a sombre, retired bookworm, who avoided the world, and preferred the lonely solitude of a provincial chateau to the gay dissipations of Paris.

"My only fear in entrusting my poor sister in such hands was the dire stupidity of the *sejour*—but as I bid her good-by, I said laughingly—'*Prenez-garde, Marie*, don't fall in love with Claude de Lauzan.'

"'Poor Claude!' said she, bursting into a fit of laughter; 'what a sad affair that would be for him!' So saying we parted.

"I made the campaign of Italy, where, as I have perhaps too often told you, I had some opportunities of distinguishing myself, and was promoted to a squadron on the field of Arcola. Great as my boyish exultation was at my success, I believe its highest pleasure arose from the anticipation of Marie's delight when she received my letter with the news. I wrote to her nearly every week, and heard from her as frequently; at the time I did not mark, as I have since done, the altered

tone of her letters to me. How gradually the high ambitious daring that animated her early answers, became tamed down into half regretful fears of a soldier's career; her sorrows for those whose conquered countries were laid waste by fire and sword; her implied censure of a war, whose injustice she more than hinted at, and lastly, her avowed preference for those peaceful paths in life that were devoted to the happiness of one's fellows, and the worship of Him who deserved all our affection. I did not mark, I say, this change: the bustle of the camp, the din of arms, the crash of mounted squadrons, are poor aids to reflection; and I thought of Marie but as I left her.

"It was after a few months of absence I returned to Provence, the *croix d'honneur* on my bosom, the sabre I won at Lodi by my side. I rushed into the room bursting with impatience to clasp my sister in my arms, and burning to tell her all my deeds and all my dangers; she met me with her old affection, but how altered in its form! her gay and girlish lightness, the very soul of buoyant pleasure, was gone; and in its place, a mild, sad smile played upon her lip, and a deep thoughtful look was in her dark brown eye; she looked not less beautiful; no, far from it, her loveliness was increased ten-fold; but the disappointment smote heavily on my heart. I looked about me like one seeking for some explanation, and there stood Claude—pale, still, and motionless before me: the very look she wore, reflected in his calm features, her very smile was on his lips. In an instant the whole truth flashed across me; she loved him. There are thoughts which rend us, as lightning does the rock, opening new surfaces that lay hid since the creation, and tearing our fast-knit sympathies asunder like the rent granite—mine was such. From that hour I hated him; the very virtues that had, under happier circumstances made us like brothers, but added fuel to the flame. My rival, he had robbed me of my sister—he had left me without that one great prize I owned on earth; and all that I had dared and won, seemed poor, and barren, and worthless, since she no longer valued it.

"That very night I wrote a letter to the first consul, I knew the ardent desire he possessed to attach to Josephine's suite, such members of the old aristocracy as could be induced to do so. He had more than once hinted to me—that the fame of my sister's beauty had reached the Tuilleries; that with such pretensions as hers, the seclusion of a chateau in Provence was ill suited to her. I stated at once my wish that she might be received as one of the ladies of the court, avowing my intention to afford her any sum that might be deemed suitable to maintain her in so exalted a sphere. This, you are not aware, is the mode by which the members of a family express to the consul, that they surrender all right and guardianship in the individual given—tendering to him full power to dispose of her in marriage, exactly as though he were her own father.

"Before day broke my letter was on its way to Paris; in less than a week came the answer accepting my proposal in the most flattering terms, and commanding me to repair to the Tuilleries with my sister, and take command of a regiment *d'elite* then preparing for service.

"I may not dwell on the scene that followed. The very memory

of it is too much for my weak and failing spirits. Claude flung himself at my feet and confessed his love; he declared his willingness to submit to any or every thing I should dictate: he would join the army; he would volunteer for Egypt. Poor fellow! his trembling accents and bloodless lip comported ill with the heroism of his words. Only promise that in the end Marie should be his, and there was no danger he would not dare; no course in life, however unsuited to him, he would not follow at my bidding. I know not whether my heart could have withstood such an appeal as this, had I been free to act, but now the die was cast. I handed him the first consul's letter; he opened it with a hand trembling like palsy, and read it over; he leaned his head against the chimney when he finished, and gave me back the letter without a word. I could not bear to look on him and left the room.

"When I returned he was gone. We left the chateau the same evening for Paris. Marie scarcely spoke one word during the journey—a fatuous stupid indifference to every thing and every one had seized her, and she seemed perfectly careless whither we went. This gradually yielded to a settled melancholy, which never left her. On our arrival in Paris, I did not dare to present myself with her at the Tuilleries; so feigning her ill health as an excuse, I remained some weeks at Versailles, to endeavour by affection and care to overcome this sad feature of her malady. It was about six weeks after this that I read in the *Journal de Debats* an announcement that 'Claude de Lauzan had accepted holy orders, and was appointed *curé* of La Fleche in Bretagny. At first the news came on me like a thunder clap, but after a while's reflection I began to believe it were, perhaps, the very best thing could have happened; and under this view of the matter I left the paper in Marie's way.

"I was right. She did not appear the next morning at breakfast, nor the entire day after. The following day the same; but in the evening came a few lines written with a pencil, saying she wished to see me. I went—but I cannot tell you. My very heart is bursting as I think of her, as she sat up in her bed—her long dark hair falling in heavy masses over her shoulders, and her darker eyes flashing with a brightness that seemed like wandering intellect. She fell upon my neck and cried; her tears ran down my cheek, and her sobs shook me. I know not what I said, but I remember that she agreed to every thing I had arranged for her; she even smiled a sickly smile, as I spoke of what an ornament she would be to the '*belle cour*,' and we parted.

"That was the last good night I ever wished her. The next day she was received at court, and I was ordered to Normandy, thence I was sent to Boulogne, and soon after to Ireland."

"But you have written to her—you have heard from her?"

"Alas! no. I have written again and again, but either she has never received my letters, or she will not answer them."

The tone of sorrow he concluded in, left no room for any effort at consolation, and we were silent; at last he took my hand in his, and as his feverish fingers pressed it, he said—

"'Tis a sad thing when we work the misery of those for whose happiness we would have shed our heart's blood."

CHAPTER X.

THE CHURCHYARD.

THE excitement caused by the mere narration of his sister's suffering weighed heavily on De Meudon's weak and exhausted frame; his thoughts would flow in no other channel; his reveries were of home and long past years; and a depression far greater than I had yet witnessed, settled down upon his jaded spirits.

"Is not my present condition like a just retribution on my ambitious folly?" was his continued reflection, and so he felt it. With a Frenchman's belief in destiny he regarded the failure of all his hopes, and the ruin of the cause he had embarked in, as the natural and inevitable consequences of his own ungenerous conduct; and even reproached himself for carrying his evil fortune into an enterprise which, without him, might have been successful. These gloomy forebodings, against which reason was of no avail, grew hourly upon him, and visibly influenced his chances of recovery.

It was a sad spectacle to look on one who possessed so much of good—so many fair and attractive qualities—thus wasting away without a single consolation he could lay to his bruised and wounded spirit. The very successes he once gloried to remember now only added bitterness to his fallen state; to think of what he had been, and look on what he was, was his heaviest affliction, and he fell into a deep brooding melancholy, in which he scarcely spoke, but sat looking at vacancy, waiting as it were for death.

I remember it well. I had been sitting silently by his bedside; for hours he had not spoken, but an occasional deep-drawn sigh showed he was not sleeping. It was night, and all in the little household were at rest; a slight rustling of the curtain attracted me, and I felt his hand steal from the clothes and grasp my own.

"I have been thinking of you, my dear boy," said he, "and what is to become of you when I'm gone. There, do not sob, the time is short now, and I begin to feel it so; for somehow as we approach the confines of eternity, our mental vision grows clearer and more distinct—doubts that have long puzzled us, seem doubts no longer. Many of our highest hopes and aspirations—the day-dreams that made life glorious—pass before our eyes, and become the poor and empty pageants of the hour. Like the traveller who, as he journeys along, sees little of the way, but at the last sits down upon some grassy bank, and gazes over the long line of road; so as the close of life draws near, we throw a backward glance upon the past; but how differently does all seem to our eyes—how many of those we envied once, do we pity now; how many who appeared low and humble, whose thoughts seemed bowed to earth, do we

now recognise as soaring aloft, high above their fellow-men, like creatures of some other sphere!" He paused—then in a tone of greater earnestness added—"You must not join these people, Tom. The day is gone by when any thing great or good could have been accomplished. The horrors of civil war will ever prevent good men from uniting themselves to a cause, which has no other road save through bloodshed; and many wise ones, who weigh well the dangers, see it hopeless. France is your country—there, liberty has been won; there, lives one great man, whose notice, were it but passingly bestowed, is fame. If life were spared me, I could have served you there—as it is I can do something."

He paused for a while, and then drawing the curtain gently to one side, said—

"Can it be moonlight, it is so very bright?"

"Yes," said I. "The moon is at the full."

He sat up as I spoke, and looked eagerly out through the little window.

"I have got a fancy, how strange too, it is one I have often smiled at in others, but I feel it strongly now—it is to choose some spot where I shall be laid when I am dead. There is a little ruin at the bottom of this glen, you must remember it well. If I mistake not, there is a well close beside it. I remember resting there one hot and sultry day in July. It was an eventful day too—we beat the king's troops, and took seventy prisoners; and I rode from Arklow down here to bring up some ammunition, that we had secreted in one of the lead mines. Well I recollect falling asleep beside that well, and having such a delightful dream of home, when I was a child, and of a pony which Marie used to ride behind me, and I thought we were galloping through the vineyard, she grasping me round the waist, half laughing, half in fear; and when I awoke I could not remember where I was. I should like to see that old spot again, and I feel strong enough now to try it."

I endeavoured, with all my power of persuasion, to prevent his attempting to walk such a distance, and in the night air too; but the more I reasoned against, the more bent was he on the project, and at last I was obliged to yield a reluctant consent, and assist him to rise and dress.

The energy which animated him at first soon sank under the effort, and before we had gone a quarter of a mile he grew faint and weary, still he persevered, and, leaning heavily on my arm, tottered along.

"If I make no better progress," said he, smiling sadly, "there will be need to assist me coming back."

At last we reached the ruin, which, like many of the old churches in Ireland, was a mere gable, overgrown with ivy, and pierced with a single window, whose rudely-formed arch betokened great antiquity. Vestiges of the side walls remained in part, but the inside of the building was filled with tomb-stones and grave-mounds, selected by the people as being a place of more than ordinary sanctity; among these the rank dock weeds and nettles grew luxuriantly, and the tall grass lay heavy and matted. We sat for some time looking on this sad spot:

a few garlands were withering on some rude crosses of stick, to mark the latest of those who sought their rest there, and upon these my companion's eyes were bent with a melancholy meaning.

How long we sat there in silence I know not, but a rustling of the ivy behind me was the first thing to attract my attention, I turned quickly round, and in the window of the ruin beheld the head of a man bent eagerly in the direction we were in, the moonlight fell upon him at the moment, and I saw that the face was blackened.

"Who's that?" I called aloud, as with my finger I directed De Meudon to the spot. No answer was returned, and I repeated my question still louder, but still no reply, while I could mark that the head was turned slightly round, as if to speak with some one without. The noise of feet, and the low murmur of several voices, now came from the side of the ruin, and at the same instant some dozen men, their faces blackened, and wearing a white badge on their hats, stood up as if out of the very ground around us.

"What are you doing here at this time of night?" said a hard voice, in tones that boded but little kindliness.

"We are as free to walk the country, when we like it, as you are, I hope," was my answer.

"I know his voice well," said another of the crowd: "I told you it was them."

"Is it you that stop at Wild's in the glen?" said the first speaker.

"Yes," replied I.

"And is it to get share of what's going, that ye're come to join us now?" repeated he, in a tone of mockery.

"Be easy, Lanty—'tis the French officer that behaved so stout up at Ross: it's little he cares for money, as myself knows. I saw him throw a handful of goold among the boys when they stopped to pillage, and bid them do their work first, and that he'd give them plenty after."

"Maybe he'd do the same now," said a voice from the crowd, in a tone of irony; and the words were received by the rest with a roar of laughter.

"Stop laughing," said the first speaker in a voice of command; "we've small time for joking:" as he spoke he threw himself heavily on the bank beside De Meudon, and, placing his hand familiarly on his arm, said in a low but clear voice—"The boys is come up here to-night to draw lots for three men to settle Barton, that's come down here yesterday, and stopping at the barrack there. We knew you warn't well lately, and we didn't trouble you; but now that you're come up of yourself among us, it's only fair and reasonable you'd take your chance with the rest, and draw your lot with the others."

"Arrah he's too weak—the man is dying," said a voice near.

"And if he is," said the other, "who wants his help, sure isn't it to keep him quiet, and not bethray us."

"The devil a fear of that," said the former speaker; "he's thrue to the back bone; I know them that knows him well."

By this time De Meudon had risen to his feet, and stood leaning

upon a tall headstone beside him; his foraging cap fell off in his effort to stand, and his long thin hair floated in masses down his pale cheeks and on his shoulders; the moon was full upon him, and what a contrast did his noble features present to the ruffian band that sat and stood around him.

"And is it a scheme of murder—of cold cowardly assassination you have dared to propose to me?" said he, darting a look of fiery indignation on him who seemed the leader. "Is it thus you understand my presence in your country, and in your cause? think ye, it was for this that I left the glorious army of France—that I quitted the field of honourable war to mix with such as you? Ay! if it were the last word I were to speak on earth I'd denounce you, wretches that stain with blood and massacre the sacred cause the best and boldest bleed for."

The click of a trigger sounded harshly on my ear, and my blood ran cold with horror; De Meudon heard it too, and continued—

"You do but cheat me of an hour or two, and I am ready."

He paused as if waiting for the shot, a deadly silence followed, it lasted for some minutes—when again he spoke—

"I came here to-night not knowing of your intentions, nor expecting you; I came here to choose a grave, where, before another week pass over, I hoped to rest; if you will it sooner, I shall not gainsay you."

Low murmurs ran through the crowd, and something like a tone of pity could be heard mingling through the voices.

"Let him go home then in God's name," said one of the number; "that's the best way."

"Ay, take him home," said another, addressing me. "Dan Kelly's a hard man when he's roused."

The words were repeated on every side, and I led De Meudon forth leaning on my arm, for already the excitement over, a stupid indifference crept over him, and he walked on by my side without speaking.

I confess it was not without trepidation, and many a backward glance towards the old ruin, that I turned homeward to our cabin: there was that in their looks at which I trembled for my companion, nor do I yet know why they spared him at that moment.

CHAPTER XI.

TOO LATE.

THE day which followed the events I have mentioned was a sad one to me. The fatigue and the excitement together brought on fever with De Meudon. His head became attacked, and before evening his faculties began to wander. All the strange events of his chequered life were mixed up in his disturbed intellect, and he talked on for hours about Italy and Egypt, the Tuilleries, La Vendee, and Ireland, without ceasing. The entire of the night he never slept, and the next day the symptoms appeared still more aggravated. The features of his insanity were wilder and less controllable. He lost all memory of me, and sometimes the sight of me at his bedside threw him into most terrific paroxysms of passion; while, at others, he would hold my hand for hours together, and seem to feel my presence as something soothing. His frequent recurrence to the scene in the churchyard showed the deep impression it had made upon his mind, and how fatally it had influenced the worst symptoms of his malady.

Thus passed two days and nights. On the third morning exhaustion seemed to have worn him into a false calm. His wild, staring eye had become heavier; its movements less rapid; the spot of colour had left his cheek; the mouth was pinched up and rigid; and a flatness of the muscles of the face betokened complete depression. He spoke seldom, and with a voice hoarse and cavernous, but no longer in the tone of wild excitement as before. I sat by his bedside still and in silence, my own sad thoughts my only company. As it grew later, the sleepless days and nights I had passed, and the stillness of the sick room overcame me, and I slept.

I awoke with a start: some dreamy consciousness of neglect had flashed across me, and I sat up. I peeped into the bed, and started back again with amazement. I looked again, and there lay De Meudon on the outside of the clothes, dressed in his full uniform—the green coat and white facing, the large gold epaulettes, the brilliant crosses on the breast; his plumed chapeau lay at one side of him, and his sabre at the other. He lay still and motionless. I held the candle near his face, and could mark a slight smile that curled his cold lip, and gave to his wan and wasted features something of their former expression.

"*Oui, mon cher,*" said he, in a weak whisper, as he took my hand and kissed it, "*c'est bien moi*"—and then added, "it was another of my strange fancies to put on these once more before I died; and when I found you sleeping, I arose and did so. I have changed something since I wore this last; it was at a ball at Cambaceres."

My joy at hearing him speak once more, with full possession of his reason, was damped by the great change a few hours had worked in his appearance. His skin was cold and clammy; a gluey moisture rested on his cheek, and his teeth were dark and discoloured. A slimy froth, too, was ever rising to his lips as he spoke, while at every respiration his chest heaved and waved like a stormy sea.

"You are thirsty, Charles," said I, stooping over him to wet his lips.

"No," said he, calmly, "I have but one thing which wants relief; it is here."

He pressed his hand to his heart as he spoke, while such a look of misery as crossed his features I never beheld.

"Your heart——"

"Is broken," said he, with a sigh.

For some minutes he said nothing, then whispered—

"Take my pocket-book from beneath my pillow—yes, that's it. There is a letter you'll give my sister—you'll promise me that; well, the other is for Lecharlier, the *chef* of the Polytecnique at Paris—that is for you—you must be *un eléve* there. There are some five or six thousand francs—it's all I have now—they are yours. Marie is already provided for——tell her—but no, she has forgiven me long since—I feel it You'll one day win your grade—high up; yes, you must do so. Perhaps it may be your fortune to speak with General Buonaparte; if so, I beg you say to him that, when Charles de Meudon was dying—in exile, with but one friend left of all the world, he held this portrait to his lips, and, with his last breath, he kissed it."

The fervour of the action drew the blood to his face and temples, which as suddenly became pale again; a shivering ran through his limbs; a quick heaving of his bosom; a sigh, and all was still. He was dead.

The stunning sense of deep affliction is a mercy from on high. Weak human faculties, long strained by daily communing with grief, would fall into idiotcy, were their acuteness not blunted and their perception rendered dull. It is for memory to trace back through the mazes of misery the object of our sorrow, as the widow searches for the corpse of him she loved amid the slain upon the battle-field.

I sat benumbed with sorrow; a vague desire for the breaking day my only thought. Already the indistinct glimmerings of morning were visible, when I heard the sounds of men marching along the road towards the house. I could mark, by the clank of their firelocks and their regular step, that they were soldiers. They halted at the door of the cabin, whence a loud knocking now proceeded.

"Holloa, there," said a voice, whose tones seemed to sink into my very heart—"holloa, Peter, get up and open the door."

"What's the matter?" cried the old man, starting up, and groping his way towards the door.

The sound of several voices and the noise of approaching footsteps drowned the reply; and the same instant the door of the little room in which I sat opened, and a sergeant entered.

"Sorry to disturb ye, sir," said he, civilly, "but duty can't be avoided. I have a warrant to arrest Captain de Meudon, a French officer, that is concealed here. May I ask where is he?"

I pointed to the bed.

The sergeant approached, and by the half light could just perceive the glitter of the uniform, as the body lay shaded by the curtain.

"I arrest you, sir, in the king's name," said he. "Holloa, Kelly, this is your prisoner, isn't he?"

A head appeared at the door as he spoke, and, as the eyes wandered stealthily round the chamber, I recognised, despite the change of colour, the wretch who led the party at the churchyard.

"Come in, d—— ye," said the sergeant impatiently; "what are you afraid for? Is this your man? Holloa, sir," said he, shaking the corpse by the shoulder.

"You must call even louder yet," said I, while something like the fury of a fiend was working within me.

"What!" said the sergeant, snatching up the light, and holding it within the bed. He started back in horror as he did so, and called out —"he is dead."

Kelly sprang forward at the word, and seizing the candle, held it down to the face of the corpse; but the flame rose as steadily before those cold lips as though the breath of life had never warmed them.

"I'll get the reward, anyhow, sergeant, won't I?" said the ruffian, while the thirst for gain added fresh expression to his savage features.

A look of disgust was the only reply he met with, as the sergeant walked into the outer room, and whispered something to the man of the house. At the same instant the galloping of a horse was heard on the causeway; it came nearer and nearer, and ceased suddenly at the door, as a deep voice shouted out—

"Well, all right, I hope, sergeant—is he safe?"

A whispered reply, and a low, muttering sound of two or three voices followed, and Barton—the same man I had seen at the fray in Malone's cabin—entered the room. He approached the bed, and, drawing back the curtains rudely, gazed on the dead man, while over his shoulder peered the demoniac countenance of the informer, Kelly, his savage features working in anxiety, lest his gains should have escaped him.

Barton's eye ranged the little chamber till it fell on me, as I sat still and motionless against the wall. He started slightly, and then advancing close, fixed his piercing glance upon me.

"Ha!" cried he, "*you* here?—Well, that is more than I looked for this morning. I have a short score to settle with you. Sergeant, here's one prisoner for you, at any rate."

"Yes," said Kelly, springing forward, "he was at the churchyard with the other; I'll swear to that."

"I think we can do without your valuable aid in this business," said Barton, smiling maliciously. "Come along, young gentleman, we'll try and finish the education that has begun so prosperously."

My eyes involuntarily turned to the table where De Meudon's pistols were lying. The utter hopelessness of such a contest deterred me not. I sprang towards them: but as I did so, the strong hand of Barton was on my collar, and, with a hoarse laugh, he threw me back against the wall as he called out—

"Folly, boy—mere folly; you are quite sure of the rope without that. Here, take him off."

As he spoke, two soldiers seized me on either side, and, before a minute elapsed, pinioned my arms behind my back. In another moment the men fell in, the order was given to march, and I was led away between the files, Kelly following at the rear, while Barton's voice might be heard issuing from the cabin, as he gave his orders for the burial of the body, and the removal of all the effects and papers to the barrack at Glencree.

We might have been about an hour on the road, when Barton overtook us. He rode to the head of the party, and, handing a paper to the sergeant, muttered some words, among which I could only gather the phrase—"committed to Newgate;" then turning round in his saddle, he fixed his eyes on Kelly, who, like a beast of prey, continued to hang upon the track of his victim.

"Well, Dan," cried he, "you may go home again now: I am afraid you've gained nothing this time but character."

"Home!" uttered the wretch, in a voice of agony; "is it face home after this morning's work."

"And why not, man? Take my word for it, the neighbours will be too much afraid to meddle with you now."

"Oh! Mister Barton—oh, darling! don't send me back there, for the love of heaven! Take me with you," cried the miserable wretch, in tones of heart-moving misery. "Oh! young gentleman," said he, turning towards me, and catching me by the sleeve, "spake a word for me this day."

"Don t you think he has enough of troubles of his own to think of, Dan?" said Barton, with a tone of seeming kindliness. "Go back, man, go back; there's plenty of work before you in this very county. Don't lay your hand on me, you scoundrel; your touch would pollute a hangman."

The man fell back, as if stunned at the sound of these words; his face became livid, and his lips white as snow. He staggered a pace or two, like a drunken man, and then stood stock-still, his eyes fixed upon the road.

"Quick march," said the sergeant.

The soldiers stepped out again, and, as we turned the angle of the road, about a mile further, I beheld Kelly still standing in the self-same attitude we left him. Barton, after some order to the sergeant, soon left us, and we continued our march till near nine o'clock, when the party halted to breakfast. They pressed me to eat with every kind entreaty, but I could taste nothing, and we resumed our road after half an hour; but the day becoming oppressively hot, it was deemed better to defer our march till near sunset. We stopped,

then, during the noon, in a shady thicket near the road-side, where the men, unbuckling their knapsacks and loosening their stocks, lay down in the deep grass, either chatting together or smoking. The sergeant made many attempts to draw me into conversation, but my heart was too full of its own sensations either to speak or listen; so he abandoned the pursuit with a good grace, and betook himself to his pipe at the foot of a tree, where, after its last whiff escaped, he sank into a heavy sleep.

Such of the party as were not disposed for sleep gathered together in a little knot on a small patch of green grass, in the middle of a beech clump; where, having arranged themselves with as much comfort as the place permitted, began chatting away over their life and its adventures pleasantly and freely. I was glad to seek any distraction from my own gloomy thoughts in listening to them, as I lay only a few yards off; but though I endeavoured with all my might to attend to, and take interest in their converse, my thoughts always turned to him I had lost for ever—the first, the only friend I had ever known.

All care for myself and what fortune awaited me, was merged in my sorrow for him. If not indifferent to my fate, I was at least unmindful of it, and although the words of those near me fell upon my ear, I neither heard nor marked them. From this dreamy lethargy I was at last suddenly arroused by the hearty bursts of laughter that broke from the party, and a loud clapping of hands that denoted their applause of something, or somebody then before them.

"I say, George," said one of the soldiers, "he's a queer un too, that piper."

"Yes—he's a droll chap," responded the other solemnly, as he rolled forth a long curl of smoke from the angle of his mouth.

"Can you play 'Rule Britannia,' then?" asked another of the men.

"No, sir," said a voice, I at once knew to be no other than my friend Darby's. "No, sir; but av the 'Fox's Lament,' or 'Mary's Dream,' wasn't uncongenial to your sentiments, it would be a felicity to me to expatiate upon the same before yez."

"Eh, Bell," cried a rough voice, "does that beat you now?"

"No," said another, "not a bit; he means he'll give us something Irish instead; he don't know 'Rule Britannia.'"

"Not know 'Rule Britannia!' why where the devil were you ever bred or born, man—eh?"

"Kerry, sir, the kingdom of Kerry, was the nativity of my father. My maternal progenitrix emanated from Clare. Maybe you've heard the adage—

> 'From Kerry his father, from Clare came his mother.
> He's more rogue nor fool on one side and the other.'

Not but that, in my humble individuality, I am an exceptious illustration of the proverbial catastrophe."

Another shout of rude laughter from his audience followed this

speech, amid the uproar of which Darby began tuning his pipes, as if perfectly unaware that any singularity on his part had called forth the mirth.

"Well, what are we to have, old fellow, after all that confounded squeaking and grunting?" said he who appeared the chief spokesman of the party.

"'Tis a trifling production of my own muse, sir—a kind of biographical, poetical, and categorical dissertation of the delights, devices, and daily doings of your obaydient servant, and ever submissive slave, Darby the Blast."

Though it was evident very little of this eloquent announcement was comprehended by the party, their laughter was not less ready, and a general chorus proclaimed their attention for the song.

Darby accordingly assumed his wonted dignity of port, and having given some half dozen premonitory flourishes, which certainly had the effect of astonishing and overawing the audience, he began to the air of "The Night before Larry was stretched" the following ditty:—

"DARBY THE BLAST.

"Oh! my name it is Darby the Blast,
My country is Ireland all over;
My religion is never to fast,
But live, as I wander, in clover;
To make fun for myself every day,
The ladies to plaze when I'm able,
The boys to amuse, as I play,
And make the jugs dance on the table.
Oh! success to the chanter, my dear

"Your eyes on each side you may cast,
But there isn't a house that is near you
But they're glad to have Darby the Blast,
And they'll tell ye 'tis he that can cheer ye.
Oh! 'tis he can put life in a feast;
What music lies under his knuckle,
As he plays 'Will I send for the Priest?'
Or a jig they call 'Cover the Buckle.'
Oh! good luck to the chanter, your sowl.

"But give me an audience in rags,
They're illigant people for list'ning;
'Tis they that can humour the bags,
As I rise a fine tune at a christ'ning.
There's many a weddin' I make
Where they never get further nor sighing;
And when I perform at a wake,
The corpse looks delighted at dying.
Oh! success to the chanter, your sowl."

"Eh! what's that?" cried a gruff voice; "the corpse does what?"

"'Tis a rhetorical amplification, that means, he would if he could," said Darby, stopping to explain.

"I say," said another, "that's all gammon and stuff; a corpse couldn't know what was doing—eh! old fellow?"

"'Tis an Irish corpse I was describin'," said Darby, proudly, and evidently, while sore pushed for an explanation, having a severe struggle to keep down his contempt for the company that needed it.

An effort I made at this moment to obtain a nearer view of the party from whom I was slightly separated by some low brushwood, brought my hand in contact with something sharp; I started and looked round, and to my astonishment saw a clasp knife, such as gardeners carry, lying open beside me. In a second I guessed the meaning of this. It had been so left by Darby, to give me an opportunity of cutting the cords that bound my arms, and thus facilitating my escape. His presence was doubtless there for this object—and all the entertaining powers he displayed, only brought forth to occupy the soldiers' attention, while I effected my deliverance. Regret for the time lost was my first thought, my second, more profitable, was not to waste another moment; so kneeling down I managed with the knife to cut some of my fastenings, and after some little struggle freed one arm, to liberate the other was the work of a second, and I stood up untrammelled. What was to be done next, for although at liberty the soldiers lay about me on every side, and escape seemed impossible, besides I knew not where to turn, where to look for one friendly face, nor any one who would afford me shelter. Just then I heard Darby's voice raised above its former pitch, and evidently intended to be heard by me.

"Sure there's Captain Bubbleton, of the forty-fifth regiment, now in Dublin, in George's-st. Barracks. Ay, in George's-st. Barracks," said he, repeating the words as if to impress them on me. "'Tis himself could tell you what I say is thrue; and if you wouldn't put confidential authentification on the infirmation of a poor leather-squeezing timber-tickling crayture like myself, sure you'd have reverential obaydience to your own commissioned captain."

"Well, I don't think much of that song of yours, anyhow, old Blow, or Blast, or whatever your name is. Have you nothing about the service—eh? 'The British Grenadiers,' give us that."

"Yes; 'The British Grenadiers,' that's the tune!" cried a number of the party together.

"I never heard them play but onst, sir," said Darby meekly, "and they were in sich a hurry that day, I couldn't pick up the tune."

"A hurry! what d'you mean?" said the corporal.

"Yes, sir, 'twas the day but one after the French landed; and the British Grenadiers that you were talking of, was running away towards Castlebar."

"What's that you say there?" cried out one of the soldiers in a voice of passion.

"'Tis what they wor running away, sir," replied Darby, with a most insulting coolness; "and small blame to thim for that same, av they wor frightened."

In an instant the party sprang to their legs, while a perfect shower of curses fell upon the luckless piper, and fifty humane proposals to smash his skull, break his neck and every bone in his body, were mooted on all sides: meanwhile, M'Keown remonstrated in a spirit which in a minute I perceived was not intended to appease their irritation;

on the contrary, his apologies were couched in very different guise, being rather excuses for his mishap in having started a disagreeable topic, than any regret for the mode in which he treated it.

"And sure, sir," continued he, addressing the corporal, "twasn't my fault av they tuck to their heels, wouldn't any one run for his life av he had the opportunity."

He raised his voice once more at these words with such significance, that I resolved to profit by the counsel if the lucky moment should offer. I had not long to wait—the insulting manner of Darby, still more than his words, had provoked them beyond endurance, and one of the soldiers drawing his bayonet, drove it through the leather bag of his pipes; a shout of rage from the piper, and a knock-down blow that levelled the offender, replied to the insult. In an instant the whole party were upon him—their very numbers, however, defeated their vengeance; as I could hear from the tone of Darby's voice, who, far from declining the combat, continued to throw in every possible incentive to battle, as he struck right and left of him. "Ah! you got that—well done—'tis brave you are—ten against one—devil fear you."

The scuffle by this time had brought the sergeant to the spot, who in vain endeavoured to ascertain the cause of the tumult, as they rolled over one another on the ground, while caps, belts, and fragments of bagpipes, were scattered about on every side. The uproar had now reached its height, and Darby's yells and invectives were poured forth with true native fluency. The moment seemed propitious to me. I was free—no one near; the hint about Bubbleton was evidently intended for my guidance. I crept stealthily a few yards beneath the brushwood, and emerged safely upon the road. The sounds of the conflict, amid which Darby's own voice rose pre-eminent, told me that all were too busily engaged to waste a thought on me. I pressed forward at my best pace and soon reached the crest of a hill, from which the view extended for miles on every side; my eyes, however, were bent in but one direction—they turned westwards, where a vast plain stretched away towards the horizon, its varied surface presenting all the rich and cultivated beauty of a garden, villas and mansions surrounded with large parks, waving corn fields and orchards, in all the luxuriance of blossom. Towards the east lay the sea, the coast line broken into jutting promontories and little bays, dotted with white cottages, with here and there some white-sailed skiff scarce moving in the calm air. But amid all this outspread loveliness of view, my attention was fixed upon a dense and heavy cloud that seemed balanced in the bright atmosphere far away in the distance; thither my eyes turned, and on that spot was my gaze rivetted, for I knew that beneath that canopy of dull smoke, lay Dublin. The distant murmur of the angry voices still reached me as I stood. I turned one backward look, the road was lonely, not a shadow moved upon it; before me the mountain road descended in a zigzag course till it reached the valley; I sprang over the low wall that skirted the wayside, and with my eyes still fixed upon the dark cloud, I hurried on—my heart grew lighter with every step, and when at length I reached the shelter of a pine

wood, and perceived no sign of being pursued, my spirits rose to such a pitch of excitement that I shouted for very joy.

For above an hour my path continued within the shelter of the wood, and when at last I emerged, it was not without a sense of sudden fear that I looked back upon the mountains which frowned above me, and seemed still so near. I thought, too, I could mark figures on the road, and imagined I could see them moving backwards and forwards, like persons seeking for something, and then I shuddered to think that they too might be at that very moment looking at me; the thought added fresh speed to my flight, and for some miles I pressed forward without even turning once.

It was late in the evening as I drew near the city; hungry and tired as I was, the fear of being overtaken was uppermost in my thoughts, and as I mingled in the crowds that strolled along the roads enjoying the delicious calmness of a summer's eve, I shrank from every eye like something guilty, and feared that every glance that fell on me, was detection itself.

It was not until I entered the city, and found myself traversing the crowded and narrow streets that formed the outskirts that I felt at ease, and inquiring my way to George's-street barracks, I hurried on regardless of the strange sights and sounds about. At that hour, the humbler portion of the population was all astir; their daily work ended, they were either strolling along with their families for an evening walk, or standing in groups around the numerous ballad singers, who delighted their audience with diatribes against "the union," and ridiculous attacks on the ministry of the day. These however, were not always unmolested, for, as I passed on, I saw more than one errant minstrel seized on by the soldiery, and hurried off to the guard-house to explain some uncivil or equivocal allusion to Lord Castlereagh or Mr. Cook. Such evidences of arbitrary power being sure to elicit a hearty groan or shout of derision from the mob, which in turn, was replied to by the soldiers—these scolding matches giving an appearance of tumult to the town, which on some occasions did not stop short at mere war of words.

In the larger and better streets such scenes were unfrequent—but here patrols of mounted dragoons or police passed from time to time, exchanging as they went, certain signals as to the state of the city; while crowds of people thronged the pathways, and conversed in a low tone, which broke forth now and then into a savage yell as often as some interference on the part of the military seemed to excite their angry passions. At the Castle gates the crowd was more dense, and apparently more daring, requiring all the efforts of the dragoons to keep them from pressing against the railings and leave a space for the exit of carriages, which from time to time issued from the Castle yard. Few of these indeed went forth unnoticed: some watchful eye would detect the occupant as he lay back to escape observation—his name would be shouted aloud, as an inevitable volley of hisses and execrations showered upon him; and in this way were received the names of Mr. Bingham, Colonel Loftus, The Right Hon. Denis Browne,

Isaac Corry, and several others who happened that day to be dining with the lord lieutenant, and were now on their way to the House of Commons.

Nothing struck me so much in the scene, as the real or apparent knowledge possessed by the mob of all the circumstances of each individual's personal and political career; and thus the price for which they had been purchased—either in rank, place, or pounds sterling, was cried aloud amid shouts of derision and laughter, or the more vindictive yells of an infuriated populace.

"Ha! Ben, what are you to get for Baltinglass? Boroughs is up in the market. Well, Dick, you won't take the place—nothing but hard cash. Don't be hiding, Jemmy. Look at the Prince of Orange, boys. A groan for the Prince of Orange;" here a fearful groan from the mob echoed through the streets. "There's Luke Fox—ha! stole away;" here followed another yell.

With difficulty I elbowed my way through the densely-packed crowd, and at last reached the corner of George's-street, where a strong police force was stationed, not permitting the passage of any one either up or down that great thoroughfare. Finding it impossible to penetrate by this way, I continued along Dame-street, where I found the crowd to thicken as I advanced. Not only were the pathways, but the entire streets filled with people—through whom the dragoons could with difficulty force a passage for the carriages, which continued at intervals, to pass down. Around the statue of King William the mob was in its greatest force: not merely the railings around the statue, but the figure itself was surmounted by persons, who, taking advantage of their elevated and secure position, hurled their abuse upon the police and military with double bitterness; these sallies of invective were always accompanied by some humorous allusion, which created a laugh among the crowd beneath, to which, as the objects of the ridicule were by no means insensible, the usual reply was by charging on the people, and a demand to keep back—a difficult precept when pressed forward by some hundreds behind them. As I made my way slowly through the moving mass, I could see that a powerful body of horse patrolled between the mob and the front of the College; the space before which and the iron railings being crammed with students of the University, for so their caps and gowns bespoke them. Between this party and the others, a constant exchange of abuse and insult was maintained, which even occasionally came to blows whenever any chance opportunity of coming in contact, unobserved by the soldiery, presented itself.

In the interval between these rival parties, each member's carriage was obliged to pass, and here each candidate, for the honours of one and the execrations of the other, met his bane and antidote.

"Ha! broken beak, there you go! bad luck to you. Ha! old vulture, Flood."

"Three cheers for Flood, lads," shouted a voice from the College, and in the loud cry the yells of their opponents were silenced, but only to break forth the next moment into further licence.

"Here he comes, here he comes," said the mob; "make way there or he'll take you flying. It's himself can do it. God bless your honour, and may you never want a good baste under ye."

This civil speech was directed to a smart, handsome-looking man of about five and forty, who came dashing along on a roan thoroughbred, perfectly careless of the crowd, through which he rode with a smiling face and a merry look. His leathers and tops were all in perfect jockey style, and even to his long-lashed whip he was in every thing a sportsmanlike figure.

"That's George Ponsonby," said a man beside me, in answer to my question; "and I suppose you know who that is?"

A perfect yell from the crowd drowned my reply, and amid the mingled curses and execrations of the mass, a dark-coloured carriage moved slowly on; the coachman evidently fearful at every step lest his horses should strike against some of the crowd, and thus license the outbreak that seemed only waiting an opportunity to burst forth.

"Ha! Bladderchops, Bloody Jack, are you there?" shouted the savage ring-leaders as they pressed up to the very glasses of the carriage, and stared at the occupant.

"Who is it?" said I, again.

"John Toler, the attorney-general."

Amid deafening cries of vengeance against him, the carriage moved on, and then rose the wild cheers of the college men to welcome their partizan. A hurrah from the distant end of Dame-street now broke on the ear, which, taken up by those nearer, swelled into a regular thunder, and at the same moment the dragoons cried out to keep back, a lane was formed in a second, and down it came, six smoking thoroughbreds; the postillions in white and silver, cutting and spurring with all their might. Never did I hear such a cheer as now burst forth; a yellow chariot, its panels covered with emblazonry, came flying past; a hand waved in return from the window to the salutation of the crowd, and the name of Tom Conolly of Castletown rent the very air; two outriders in their rich liveries followed, unable to keep their place through the thick mass that wedged in after the retiring equipage.

Scarcely had the last echo of the voices subsided when a cheer burst from the opposite side, and a waving of caps and handkerchiefs proclaimed that some redoubted champion of Protestant ascendancy was approaching. The crowd rocked to and fro as question after question poured in.

"Who is it? who is coming," but none could tell, for as yet the carriage, whose horses were heard at a smart trot, had not turned the corner of Grafton-street; in a few moments the doubt seemed resolved, for scarcely did the horses appear in sight when a perfect yell rose from the crowd and drowned the cheers of their opponents. I cannot convey any thing like the outbreak of vindictive passion that seemed to convulse the mob, as a splendidly-appointed carriage drove rapidly past and made towards the colonnade of the parliament-house. A rush of the people was made at the moment, in which, as in a wave, I was

borne along in spite of me. The dragoons with drawn sabres pressed down upon the crowd, and a scene of frightful confusion followed; many were sorely wounded by the soldiers, some were trampled under foot, and one poor wretch in an effort to recover himself from stumbling, was supposed to be stooping for a stone, and cut through the skull without mercy. He lay there insensible for some time, but at last a party of the crowd braving every thing, rushed forward and carried him away to an hospital; during this, I had established myself on the top of a lamp-post, which gave me a full view, not only of all the proceedings of the mob, but of the different arrivals as they drew up at the door of the house. The carriage whose approach had been signalized by all these disasters, had now reached the colonnade. The steps were lowered, and a young man of the very handsomest and most elegant appearance, descended slowly from the chariot; his dress was in the height of the reigning fashion, but withal, had a certain negligence that bespoke one who paid less attention to toilette than that his costume was a thing of course, which could not but be, like all about him, in the most perfect taste. In his hand he held a white handkerchief, which as he carelessly shook, the perfume floated over the savage-looking-half-naked crowd around; he turned to give some directions to his coachman, and at the same moment a dead cat was hurled by some one in the crowd and struck him on the breast, a cry of exultation rending the very air in welcome of this ruffian act: as for him, he slowly moved his face round towards the mob, and as he brushed the dirt from his coat with his kerchief he bestowed on them one look, so full of immeasurable heartfelt contempt, that they actually quailed beneath it; the cry grew fainter and fainter, and it was only as he turned to enter the house that they recovered self-possession enough to renew their insulting shout. I did not need to ask the name, for the yell of bloody Castlereagh shook the very air.

"Make way there—make way, boys!" shouted a rough voice from the crowd, and a roar of laughter, that seemed to burst from the entire street, answered the command, and the same instant a large burly figure advanced through a lane made for him in the crowd, mopping his great bullet-head with a bright scarlet handkerchief.

"Long life to you, Mr. Egan!" shouted one.

'Three cheers for Bully Egan, boys!" cried another, and the appeal was responded to at once.

"Make way, you blackguards, make way I say," said Egan, affecting to be displeased at this display of his popularity—"don't you see who's coming?" Every eye was turned at once towards Daly's club-house, in which direction he pointed; but it was some minutes before the dense crowd would permit any thing to be seen. Suddenly, however, a cheer arose wilder and louder than any I had yet heard; from the street to the very housetops the cry was caught up and repeated, while a tumultuous joy seemed to rock the crowd as they moved to and fro.

At this moment the excitement was almost maddening; every neck was strained in one direction, every eye pointed thither, while the prolonged cheering was sustained with a roar as deafening as the sea in a storm

At last the crowd were forced back, and I saw three gentlemen advancing abreast: the two outside ones were holding between them the weak and trembling figure of an old and broken man, whose emaciated form and withered face presented the very extreme of lassitude and weakness; his loose coat hung awkwardly on his spare and shrunken form, and he moved along in a shuffling slip-shod fashion. As they mounted the steps of the parliament-house, the cheering grew wilder and more enthusiastic, and I wondered how he who was evidently the object, could seem so indifferent to the welcome thus given him, as with bent-down head he pressed on, neither turning right nor left. With seeming difficulty he was assisted up the steps, when he slowly turned round, and, removing his hat, saluted the crowd. The motion was a simple one, but in its very simplicity was its power. The broad white forehead across which some scanty hair floated; the eye that now beamed proudly forth, was turned upon them, and never was the magic of a look more striking; for a second all was hushed, and then a very thunder of applause rolled out, and the name of Henry Grattan burst from every tongue. Just then one of the mob, exasperated by a stroke from the flat of a dragoon's sabre, had caught the soldier by the foot and flung him from his saddle to the ground; his comrades flew to his rescue at once, and charged the crowd, which fell back before them. The college men taking advantage of this, sprang forward on the mob armed with their favourite weapons, their hurdles of strong oak; the street was immediately torn up behind, and a shower of paving stones poured in upon the luckless military, now completely hemmed in between both parties. Yells of rage and defiance rose on either side, and the cheers of the victors and cries of the wounded, were mixed in mad confusion. My lamp-post was no longer an enviable position, and I slipped gently down towards the ground; in doing so, however, I unfortunately kicked off a soldier's cap. The man turned on me at once and collared me, and notwithstanding all my excuses insisted on carrying me off to the guard-house. The danger of such a thing at once struck me, and I resisted manfully. The mob cheered me, at which the soldier only became more angry; and ashamed, too, at being opposed by a mere boy, he seized me rudely by the throat. My blood rose at this, and I struck boldly at him, my fist met him in the face, and before he could recover himself the crowd were upon him. Down he went, while a rush of the mob, escaping from the dragoons, flowed over his body; at the same moment the shout "guard, turn out" was heard from the angle of the bank, and the clattering of arms and the roll of a drum followed. A cheer from the mob seemed to accept the challenge, and every hand was employed tearing up the pavement and preparing for the fray. Whether by my own self-appointment, or by common consent, I cannot say, but I at once took the leadership, and having formed the crowd into two parties, directed them, if hard pressed, to retreat either by College-street or Westmoreland-street. Thus one party could assist the other by enfilading the attacking force, unless they were in sufficient strength to pursue both together. We had not long to wait the order of battle. The soldiers were formed in a second, and the word was given to advance at a charge.

The same instant I stepped forward and cried, "Fire!" Never was an order so obeyed—a hundred paving stones showered down on the wretched soldiers, who fell here and there in the ranks. "Again!" I shouted to my second battalion, that stood waiting for the word, and down came another hail-storm, that rattled upon their caps and muskets, and sent many a stout fellow to the rear. A wild cheer from the mob proclaimed the victory, but at the same instant a rattling of ramrods, and a clank of firelocks, was heard in front; and from the rear of the soldiers a company marched out in *echelon*, and drew up as if on parade. All was stilled, not a man moved in the crowd, indeed our tactics seemed now at an end, when suddenly the word, "make ready—fire," was called out, and the same instant a ringing discharge of musketry tore through the crowd. Never did I witness such a scene as followed. All attempts to retreat were blocked up by the pressure from behind; and the sight of the wounded, who fell by the discharge of the soldiers, seemed to paralyze every effort of the mob. One terrified cry rose from the mass, as they shrank from the muskets. Again the ramrods were heard clinking in the barrels. I saw there was but one moment, and cried out, "courage, lads, and down upon them!" and with that I dashed madly forward, followed by the mob that, like a mighty mass, now rolled heavily after me. The soldiers fell back as we came on; their bayonets were brought to the charge, the word "fire low" was passed along the line, and a bright sheet of flame flashed forth, and was answered by a scream of anguish that drowned the crash of the fire. In the rush backwards I was thrown on the ground, and at first believed I had been shot, but I soon perceived I was safe and sprang to my legs; but the same moment a blow on the head from the butt-end of a musket, smote me to the earth, and I neither saw nor heard of any thing very clearly afterwards. I had, indeed, a faint dreamy recollection of being danced upon and trampled by some hundred heavy feet, and then experiencing a kind of swinging, rocking motion, as if carried on something; but these sensations are far too vague to reason upon, much less to chronicle.

CHAPTER XII.

A CHARACTER.

THERE must have been a very considerable interval from the moment I have last recorded to that in which I next became a responsible individual; but in what manner, in what place, or in what company it was passed, the reader must excuse my divulging for many important reasons, one of which is, I never clearly knew any thing of the matter.

To date my recollections from my first consciousness, I may state that I found myself on my back in a very narrow bed, a table beside me covered with phials and small flasks, with paper cravats, some of which hung down, queue fashion, to an absurd extent. A few rush-backed and bottomed chairs lay along the walls, which were coarsely whitewashed. A window, of very unclean and unprepossessing aspect, was partly shaded by a faded scarlet curtain, while the floor was equally sparingly decked with a small and ragged carpet. Where was I, was the frequent but unsatisfactory query I ever put to myself—could this be a prison—had I been captured on that riotous evening, and carried off to a gaol—or was I in Darby M'Keown's territory; for, somehow, a very general impression was on my mind that Darby's gifts of ubiquity were somewhat remarkable; or, lastly, (and the thought was not a pleasant one,) was this the domicile of Anthony Basset, Esq., attorney-at-law? To have resolved any or all of these doubts, by rising and taking a personal survey of the premises, would have been my first thought; but, unluckily, I found one of my arms bandaged, and enclosed in a brace of wooden splints; a very considerable general impression pervaded me of bruises and injuries all over my body; and, worse still, a kind of megrim accompanied every attempt to lift my head from the pillow, that made me heartily glad to lie down again, and be at rest.

That I had not fallen into unfriendly hands was about the extent to which my deductions led me, and with this consolatory fact, and a steady resolve to remain awake three days if necessary, so as to interrogate the first visitor who should approach me, I mustered all my patience, and waited quietly. What hour of the day it was when first I awoke to even thus much of consciousness I cannot say; but I well remember watching what appeared to me twelve mortal hours in my anxious expectation; at last a key turned in an outer lock, a door opened, and I heard a heavy foot enter. This was shortly followed by another step, whose less imposing tread was, I suspected, a woman's.

"Where, in the devil's name, is the candle?" said a gruff voice, that actually seemed to me not unknown. "I left it on the table when I went out. Oh! my shin's broke—that infernal table!"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" screamed the female voice.

"Ah! you've caught it too," cried the other, in glee; "did you think you saw a little blue flame before you, when your shin was barked?"

"You're a monster," said the lady, in a tone of passionate indignation.

"Here it is—I have it," replied the other, not paying the slightest attention to the endearing epithet last bestowed; "and d—— me, if it's not burned down to the socket. Holloa there, Peter Dodd—you scoundrel, where are you?"

"Call him Saladin," said the lady, with a sneer, "and perhaps he'll answer."

"Imp of darkness, where are you gone to? Peter—Dodd—Dodd—Peter! Ah! you young blackguard, where were you all this time?"

"Asleep, sir; sure you know well, sir, it's little rest I get," said a thin, childish voice, in answer. "Wasn't it five o'clock this morning when I divilled the two kidneys ye had for supper for the four officers, and had to 'borrey' the Kian pepper over the way?"

"I'll bore a gimlet hole through your pineal gland, and stuff it with brass-headed nails, if you reply to me. Anna Maria, that was a fine thought—eh?—glorious, by Jove! There, put the candle there; hand your mistress a chair; give me my *robe de chambre*. Confound me, if it's not getting very like the kingdom of Prussia on the map, full of very straggling dependencies. Supper, Saladin."

"The sorrow taste——"

"What, thou piece of human ebony—what do you say?"

"Me hab no—a—ting in de larder," cried the child, in a broken voice.

"Isn't there a back of a duck and two slices of cold bacon?" asked the lady, in the tone of a cross-examining barrister.

"I poisoned the bacon for the rats, miss; and for the duck——"

"Let me strangle him with my own hands," shouted the man; "let me tear him up into merry thoughts. Look here, sirrah," said he, in a voice like John Kemble, "there may be nothing which man eats within these walls; there may not be wherewithal to regale a sickly fly, no, not enough for one poor spider to lunch upon; but if you ever dare to reply to me, save in Oriental phrase, I'll throw you in a sack, call my mutes, and hurl you into the Bosphorus."

"Where, sir?"

"The Dodder, you son of a burnt father. My hookah."

"My slippers," repeated the lady.

"My lute and the sherbet," added the gentleman.

By the stir in the chamber these arrangements, or something equivalent to them, seemed to have taken place, when again I heard—

"Dance a lively measure, Saladin; my soul is heavy."

Here a most vile tinkling of a guitar was heard, to which, by the sounds of the feet, I could perceive Saladin was moving in a species of dance.

"Let the child go to bed, and don't be making a fool of yourself," said the lady, in a voice of bursting passion.

"Thank heaven," said I, half aloud, "*she* isn't mad."

"Tink, tink, a-tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink-a-dido," thrummed out her companion. "I say, Saladin, heat me a little porter, with an egg and some sugar."

The door closed as the imp made his exit, and there was silence for some seconds, during which my uppermost thought was, what infernal mischance has thrown me into a lunatic asylum. At length the man spoke.

"I say, Anna Maria, Cradock has this run of luck a long time."

"He plays better than you," responded the lady, sharply.

"I deny it," rejoined he, angrily; "I play whist better than any man that ever lived, except the Begum of Soutancantantarabad, who beat my father. They played for lacs of rupees on the points, and a territory on the rub; five to two, first game against the loser, in white elephants."

"How you do talk," said Anna Maria; "do you forget that all this rubbish doesn't go down with me?"

"Well, I mean old Hickory, that had the snuff-shop in Bath, used only to give me one point in the rub, and we played for sixpence—damme, I'll not forget it; he cleaned me out in no time. Tink, tink, a-tink-a-tink, tink-a-tink-a-dido. Here, Saladin, bear me the spicy cup, ambrosial boy!"

"Ahem!" said the lady, in a tone that didn't sound exactly like concurrence.

"Eat a few dates, and then to repose," said the deep voice.

"I wish I had them, av they wor eatable," said Saladin, as he turned away.

"Wretch! you have forgotten to salaam; exit slowly. Tink, tink, a-tink-a-tink. Anna Maria, he's devilish good now for black parts. I think I'll make Jones bring him out. Wouldn't it be original to make Othello talk broken English? Farewell de camp! Eh! by Jove, that's a fine thought. 'The spirit-stir a drum, de piercy pipe;' by Jove, I like that notion."

Here the gentleman rose in a glorious burst of enthusiasm, and began repeating snatches from Shakspeare, in the pleasant travesty he had hit upon.

"Cradock revoked, and you never saw him," said the lady, drily, interrupting the monologue.

"I did see it clearly enough; but I had done so twice the same game," said he gaily; "and if the grave were to give up its dead, I too should be a murderer. Fine thought that! isn't it?"

"He won seventeen-and-sixpence from you," rejoined she, pettishly.

"Two bad half-crowns; dowlas, filthy dowlas," was the answer.

"And the hopeful young gentleman in the next room, what profitable intentions, may I ask you, have you with respect to him?"

"Burke! Tom Burke! Bless your heart, he's only son and heir to Burke of Mount Blazes, in the county Galway. His father keeps

three packs of harriers, one of fox and another of stag hounds—a kind of brindled devils, three feet eight in height: he won't take them under. His father and mine were schoolfellows at Dundunderamud, in the Hamalaya, and he—that is, old Burke—saved my father's life in a tiger-hunt; and am I to forget the heritage of gratitude my father left me?"

"You ought not, perhaps, since it was the only one he bequeathed," quoth the lady.

"What! Is the territory of Shamdoonah and Bunfunterabad nothing? Are the great suits of red emeralds and blue opal, that were once the crown-jewels of Saidh Sing Doolah, nothing? Is the scimitar of Hafiz, with verses of the Koran in letters of pure brilliants, nothing?"

"You'll drive me distracted with your insane folly," rejoined the lady, rising and pushing back her chair with violence. "To talk this way when you know you haven't got a five-pound note in the world."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed out the jolly voice of the other; "that's good, faith. If I only consented to dip my Irish property, I could raise fourteen hundred and seventy thousand pounds;—so Mahony tells me. But I'll never give up the royalties—never. There you have my last word on the matter—rather than surrender my tin-mine, I'd consent to starve on twelve thousand a-year, and resign my claim to the title, which, I believe, the next session will give me; and when you are Lady Machinery—something or other—maybe they won't bite, eh? Ramskins *versus* wrinkles."

A violent bang of the door announced at this moment the exit of the lady in a rage, to which her companion paid no attention, as he continued to mumble to himself—

"Surrender the royalties—never! Oh, she's gone——Well, she's not far wrong after all. I dare not draw a check on my own exchequer at this moment, for a larger sum than—let me see—twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-eight and tenpence: with twenty-nine shillings, the grand firm of Bubbleton & Co. must shut up and suspend their payments." So saying, he walked from the room in stately fashion, and closed the door after him.

My first thought, as I listened to this speech, was one of gratefulness that I had fallen into the friendly hands of my old coach companion, whose kindness still lived fresh in my memory; my next was, what peculiar form of madness could account for the strange outpouring I had just overheard, in which my own name was so absurdly introduced, coupled with family circumstances I knew never had occurred. Sleep was now out of the question with me; for whole hours long I could do nothing but resolve in my mind all the extraordinary odds and ends of my friend Bubbleton's conversation, which I remembered to have been so struck by at my first meeting with him. The miraculous adventures of his career, his hair-breadth 'scapes, his enormous wealth, the voluptuous ease of his daily life, and his habits of luxury and expenditure with which he then astounded me, had now received some solution—while, at the same time, there was something in his own

common-sense observations to himself, that puzzled me much, and gave a great difficulty to all my calculations concerning him.

To all these conflicting doubts and difficulties sleep at last succeeded: but better far for me it had not; for with it came dreams such as sick men only experience;—all the distorted images that rose before my wandering faculties, mingling with the strange fragments of Bubbleton's conversation, made a phantasmagoria the most perplexing and incomprehensible; and which, even on waking, I could not banish—so completely had Saladin and his *pas seul*, the guitar, the hookah, and the suit of red emeralds, taken hold of my erring intellect.

Candid, though not fair reader, have you ever been tipsy? Have you ever gone so far over the boundary line that separates the land of mere sobriety from its neighbouring territory, the country of irresponsible impulses, that you actually doubted which was the way back, that you thought you saw as much good sense and good judgment on the one side of the frontier as the other, with only a strong balance of good fellowship to induce a preference? If you know this state, if you have taken the precise quantum of champagne, or moselle mousseux, that induces it, and yet goes no farther, then do you perfectly understand all the trials and difficulties of my waking moments, and you can appreciate the arduous task I undertook in my effort to separate the real from the imaginary, the true types from their counterfeits; in a word, the wanderings of my own brain from those of Captain Bubbleton's.

In this agreeable and profitable occupation was I engaged, when the same imposing tread and heavy footstep I had heard the previous evening, entered the adjoining room and approached my door. The lock turned, and the illustrious captain himself appeared, and here let me observe, that if grave censure be occasionally bestowed on persons who by the assumption of voice, look, or costume, seek to terrorize over infant minds, a no less heavy sentence should be bestowed on all who lord it over the frail faculties of sickness by any absurdity in their personal appearance, and that I may not seem captious let me describe my friend. The captain who was somewhere about the forties, was a full-faced, chubby, good-looking fellow, of some five feet ten or eleven inches in height; his countenance had been intended by nature for the expressions of such emotions as arise from the enjoyment of turtle, milk-punch, truffled-turkeys, mulled port, mulligatawney, stilton, stout, and pickled oysters; a rich mellow-looking pair of dark brown eyes, with large bushy eyebrows, meeting above the nose, which latter feature was a little "on the snub, and off the Roman;" his mouth was thick lipped, and had that peculiar mobility which seems inseparable, wherever eloquence or imagination predominate; in colour, his face was of that uniform hue painters denominate as "warm," in fact, a rich sunset Claude Lorrainish tint, that seemed a compound, the result of high-seasoned meats, plethora, punch, and the tropics; in figure, he was like a huge pudding-bag, supported on two short little dumpy pillars, that from a sense of the superincumbent weight had wisely spread themselves out below, giving to his lower man the appearance of a stunted letter A; his

arms were most preposterously short, and for the convenience of locomotion he used them somewhat after the fashion of fins; as to his costume on the morning in question, it was a singularly dirty and patched dressing-gown of antique silk, fastened about the waste by a girdle, from which depended a scimitar on one side, and a meershaum on the other; a well-worn and not over clean-looking shawl was fastened in fashion of a turban round his head; a pair of yellow buskins with faded gold tassels decorated legs, which occasionally peeped from the folds of the *robe de chambre*, without any other covering.

Such was the outward man of him, who suddenly stopped short at the doorway, while he held the latch in his hand, and called out:—

"Burke! Tom Burke, don't be violent; don't be outrageous, you see I'm armed; I'd cut you down without mercy if you attempt to lift a finger; promise me this—do you hear me?"

That any one even unarmed could have conceived fear from such a poor, weak object as I was, seemed so utterly absurd, that I laughed outright; an emotion on my part that seemingly imparted but little confidence to my friend the captain, who retreated still closer to the door, and seemed ready for flight. The first use I could make of speech, however, was, to assure him that I was not only perfectly calm and sensible, but deeply grateful for kindness for which I knew not how, nor to whom I became indebted.

"Don't roll your eyes there; don't look so d——d treacherous," said he; "keep down your hands; keep them under the bed-clothes. I'd put a bullet through your skull if you stirred."

I again protested that any manifestation of quietness he asked for I would immediately comply with, and begged him to sit down beside me and tell me where I was, and how I had come hither. Having established an outwork of a table and two chairs between us, and cautiously having left the door a-jar, to secure his retreat, he drew the scimitar and placed it before him, his eyes being fixed on me the entire time.

"Well," said he, as he assumed a seat, and leaned his arm on the table, "so you are quiet at last. Lord! what a frightful lunatic you were. Nobody would approach your bed but me. The stoutest keeper of Swift's hospital fled from the spot, while I said, leave him to me. The human eye is your true agent to humble the pride of maniacal frenzy."

With these words he fixed on me a look such as the chief murderer in a melo-drama assumes, at the moment he proceeds to immolate a whole family.

"You infernal young villain, how I subdued you—how you quailed before me."

There was something so ludicrous in the contrast of this bravery with his actual terror, that again I burst out a laughing, upon which he sprang up, and brandishing his sabre, vowed vengeance on me if I stirred. After a considerable time spent thus, I at last succeeded in impressing him with the fact, that if I had all the will in the world to tear him in pieces, my strength would not suffice to carry me to the door.

An assurance which, however sorrowfully made by me, I perceived to afford him the most unmixed satisfaction.

"That's right, quite right," said he, "and mad should he be indeed who would measure strength with me. The red men of Tuscarora always called me the great buffalo. I used to carry a bark canoe with my squaw and nine little black devils under one arm, so as to leave the other free for my tomahawk. 'He, how, he,' that's the war step."

Here he stooped down to his knees, and then sprang up again, with a yell that actually made me start, and brought a new actor on the scene in the person of Anna Maria, whose name I had so frequently heard the night before.

"What is the matter?" said the lady, a short squab-like woman, of nearly the captain's age, but none of his personal attractions. "We can't have him screaming all day in that fashion."

"It isn't him, it was I was performing the war dance. Come now let down your hair and be a squaw—do. What trouble is it? and bring in Saladin; we'll get up a combat scene; devilish fine thought that!"

The indignant look of the lady in reply to this modest proposal again overpowered me, and I sank back in my bed exhausted with laughter. An emotion which I was forced to subdue as well as I might on beholding the angry countenance with which the lady regarded me.

"I say, Burke," cried the captain, "let me present you to my sister, Miss Anna Maria Bubbleton."

A very dry recognition on Miss Anna Maria's part replied to the effort I made to salute her, and as she turned on her heel, she said to her brother, "Breakfast's ready," and left the room.

Bubbleton jumped up at this, rubbed his mouth pleasantly with his hand, smacked his lips, and then dropping his voice to a whisper, muttered—

"Excuse me, Tom, but if I have a weakness it is for yarmouth bloaters, and anchovy toast, milk chocolate, marmalade, hot rolls, and reindeer tongue, with a very small glass of pure white brandy, as a qualifier." So saying, he whisked about and made his exit.

While my host was thus occupied I was visited by the regimental surgeon, who informed me that my illness had now been of some weeks' duration: severe brain fever, with various attending evils, and a broken arm, being the happy results of my evening's adventure at the parliament-house?

"Bubbleton's an old friend of yours," continued the doctor; and then, without giving me time to reply, added, "capital fellow, no better; a little given to the miraculous—eh! but nothing worse."

"Why he does indeed seem to have a strong vein for fiction," said I, half timidly.

"Bless your heart, he never ceases; his world is an ideal thing, full of impossible people and events, where he has lived at least some centuries, enjoying the intimacies of princes, statesmen, poets, and warriors; he has, in his own estimation, unlimited wealth and unbounded

resources, the want of which he is never convinced of till pressed for five shillings to buy his dinner."

"And his sister," said I, "what of her?"

"Just as strange a character in the opposite direction. She is as matter-of-fact as he is imaginative. To all his flights she as resolutely enters a dissentient; and he never inflates his balloon of miracles without her stepping forward to punch a hole in it. But here they come."

"I say, Pepper, how goes your patient? Spare no pains, old fellow—no expense; only get him round. I've left a check for you for five hundred in the next room. This is no regimental case—come, come, it's *my* way, and I insist upon it."

Pepper bowed with an air of the deepest gratitude, and actually looked so overpowered by the liberality, that I began to suspect there might be less truth in his account of Bubbleton than I thought a few minutes before.

"All insanity has left him—that's pleasant. I say, Tom, you must have had glorious thoughts, eh! When you were mad, did you ever think you were an anaconda bolting a goat, or the Eddystone light-house when the foundation began to shift?"

"No, never."

"How odd! I remember being once thrown on my head off a drag. I was breaking in a pair of young unicorns for the queen of——"

"No," said Anna Maria, in a voice of thunder, holding up her finger, at the same moment, in token of reproof.

The captain became mute on the instant, and the very word he was about to utter stuck in his throat, and he stood with his mouth open, like one in enchantment.

"You said a little weak tea, I think," said Miss Bubbleton, turning towards the doctor.

"Yes, and some dry toast, if he liked it: and, in a day or two, a half glass of wine and water."

"Some of that tokay old Pepi Esterhazy sent us——"

"No," said the lady again, in the same tone of menace.

"And, perhaps, after a week, the open air and a little exercise in a carriage."

"The barouche and the four ponies," interrupted Bubbleton.

"No," repeated Miss Anna Maria, but in such a voice of imperious meaning, that the poor captain actually fell back, and only muttered to himself—

"What was the use of wealth, if one couldn't contribute to the enjoyment of their friends?"

"There's the drum for parade," cried the doctor; "you'll be late, and so shall I."

They both bustled out of the room together, while Miss Anna Maria, taking her work out of a small bag she carried on her arm, drew a chair to the window, and sat down, having quietly intimated to me that, as conversation was deemed injurious to me, I must not speak one syllable.

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